



**HIKING DOWN THE GRAND CANYON
AND OTHER ADVENTURES**

The Travels of Three Minnesota Women in 1932

This adventure story is a booklet that Irene Penk Hahn had given to the County Libraries in 2007 when Irene was a resident of Golden Hearts Retirement Home in Arlington. Irene is a Sibley County native, (Bismarck Twp.) She attended school in Gibbon graduating in 1923. This booklet tells an amazing story about a trip Irene and two teacher friends took in 1932 to the West Coast, covering 8,000 miles in just over 2 months.

one-room schools I experienced in the years to come, including District 48 north of Gaylord, where I taught in the late 1940's, still had primitive facilities. In the winter those buildings were cold enough to freeze the drinking water and my Sunday night task was to light the fire in the

INTRODUCTION

It was to be the trip of a lifetime. The wind was whipping the snow into drifts against the fence lines as I tore open the envelope from Conoco Oil. The brochure inside described the wonders of the American West in such glowing terms that I was transported far away from my teaching job in the little country school in rural Minnesota. I was an inveterate reader, in German, my first language, and later in English after I began school in the little town of Gibbon, Minnesota. Remembering the pictures and stories in my school books about the mountains, the Grand Canyon, and the ocean, I now had the chance to see those sights firsthand. I knew as well that my travel stories could inspire my students to imagine and perhaps in the future to experience a world beyond their small town.



Posing in our travel "pajamas";
Marie, Irene, Helen

The year was 1931; the Great Depression had touched all of us, but I had a job which paid \$80 a month and I considered myself lucky. My school in Nicollet County in Norseland Township was not your typical rural school. It had been built in 1925 and, not only had indoor chemical toilets, but also hot running water! All other rural

big stove in the corner with wood and bank it with coal so the school would be warm on Monday morning. My ultra-modern (by 1930 standards) Norseland School was a handsome building with brick facing on the concrete block foundation and a basement where we could play games during inclement weather. The students, ranging

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Calendar of Events

Check our website for 2012 programs.

Judy is doing the pre-planning for next years programs. Our annual meeting will be in Gaylord, the theme being the *City of Gaylord*. Other 2012 programs being considered are Mule team/Combine Wheat at Harvest, Boat Museum at Willmar, Lillienthal Exotic Animals and Fur Trader. Check the next newsletter and our website for updates.

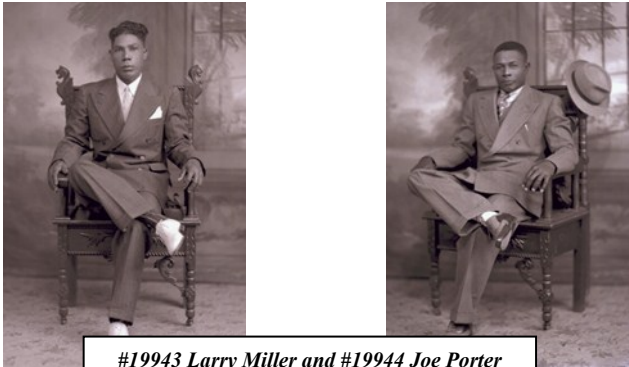
If you have suggestions or comments on upcoming events Contact Judy Loewe 507-248-3345
Calendar Subject to Change.



World War II, Sibley County, and Jamaican Workers

By Steve & Becky Briggs, SCHS members and volunteers

How were the fields tended during World War II when 16 million American men and women were defending our country? Even after recruiting every available American worker, we needed to "import" workers from foreign lands. Some of the workers who came to Sibley County were from Jamaica and other islands of the West Indies.



#19943 Larry Miller and #19944 Joe Porter



Why Jamaicans to the US?

It's not often we hear about the role of Jamaicans and our other Caribbean neighbors during WWII. Many Jamaicans fought with Britain. There were aliens who fought with the US and its allies; but some contributions, such as farm labor, were less noted as they were overshadowed by war activities.

In the midst of WWII, the U.S. Department of Agriculture authorized temporary importation of 75,000 Bahamians and Jamaicans to work as farm laborers due to a shortage of needed workers. It was a win-win situation. Our Jamaican neighbors were able to earn better wages, and we were able to harvest and process our crops.

Two Farm Help Programs Bring In 4,000 Workers

Results Given In Effort To Get War Prisoners—Nationals

Winthrop News
June 15, 1944
Page 4

LIST OR MANIFEST OF ALIEN PASSENGERS FOR THE UNITED STATES

U.S. CUSTOMS OFFICE at a port of arrival: United States from a foreign port or a port of the United States, and of those arriving as a part of such trade passengers from a foreign port of arrival: United States (List of the Ship)

S. S. U.S.A. NATIONAL STEAMSHIP SERVICE

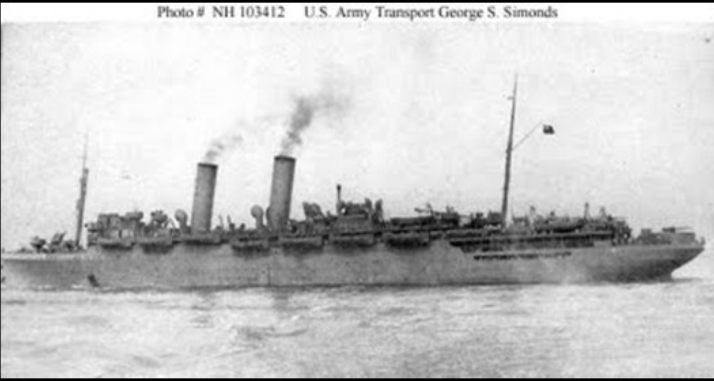
Passengers sailing from Kingston, Jamaica, to the U.S. on January 25, 1945

| No. | Name | Age | Sex | Color | Place of Birth | Place of Birth (Country) | Occupation | Relative | Address | Remarks |
|-----|------|-----|-----|-------|----------------|--------------------------|------------|--|---------|---------|
| 1 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | War Manpower Commission, Washington, D. C. | ... | ... |
| 2 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 3 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 4 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 5 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 6 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 7 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 8 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 9 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
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| 27 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 28 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 29 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| 30 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |

Manifest of Alien Passengers for the United States

The United States was in such dire need of laborers, they even provided transport to the workplace.

This manifest is dated January 25, 1945. In the column provided to list the name of the relative the passenger was going to visit, it says "War Manpower Commission, Washington, D. C." The United States was importing laborers from Jamaica on this manifest.



Transported by US Ships to Work in Fields

From August 1944 until early 1946, the US Army Transport George S. Simonds served between the Caribbean and the east coast of the US, mainly transporting Jamaican workers.



#19947 Joslyn & Franklin Gayle



#19950 Reginald Wynter



Trial Runs For Canning Plant, Friday--Saturday

208 Factory Hands Will Be Employed

The August 10, 1944 edition of the Winthrop News reported that the Minnesota Valley Canning Company's plant in Winthrop got underway for the season's pack at an early date. There were 208 factory hands. In the field the pickers numbered about 48 from Jamaica and another dozen from Mexico. These workers were housed and fed at the plant grounds. They had recently worked at the factory in LeSueur for the pea pack.

Canning Factory Closes Down; Operated 25 Days

Pack This Year Totals 101,245 Cases

Winthrop News, September 21, 1944 reported the canning plant closed down after operating 25 days. There were 208 employees on the payroll, including the 48 Jamaicans joining in on the corn pack

During the workers' stay in America they found time to visit the C.J. Ostrom Studio in Winthrop

As SCHS volunteer Becky Briggs continues to scan the thousands of Ostrom negatives donated to the Sibley County Historical Society, she has run across numerous photographs taken of these Jamaican workers. Some of the photos were published on the Society's website in January 2011:

http://sibleycountyhistoricalmuseum.com/Theme_-_Jamaica.html

The photos seemed to stir website visitors' curiosity regarding these men who traveled the 2,000-plus miles from their homeland to Minnesota.

Ostrom Photograph Studio Register

We find several of the workers' names on page 176 of an Ostrom Studio Register dated September 22, 1944. The price for these photos ranged from \$1.75 to \$2.00. We have matched some of the names to their photos in this article.



#19955 Arthur Daniels & #19936 Sidney Ebanks

If you are interested in reading WWII-vintage local newspaper articles regarding this topic, they can be found using the web address above.

Ostrom Project Update

by Becky Briggs

After many years of service, the scanner purchased by SCHS to transfer Ostrom negatives into positives has quit working. A search is underway to find a new scanner. Hopefully, things will be up and running before too long.

We are pleasantly surprised at the number of photos that have been identified through the newspaper. There are many observant readers out there!

Ruth Klossner is no longer with the Lafayette-Nicollet Ledger, but has very kindly offered to continue coordinating the Ostrom project with participating newspapers. Thank you, Ruth!

| STUDIO REGISTER | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|-------------|--------------|------|---------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------|----------------|-------|-------------|-------------|------------------|
| DATE OF ORDER | NAME | RESIDENCE | No. NEGATIVE | SIZE | STYLE (Mount) | Quantity (Sheet) | WEEK'S POSSESSION | PRINTS SENT | PROOF RETURNED | PRICE | AMOUNT PAID | BALANCE DUE | DATE OF DELIVERY |
| 1944 | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Sept 22 | Mr Henry Miller | Jamaica | 17943 | 4x6 | | 6 | | Sept 17 | Sept 21 | | | 1.75 | Sept 22 |
| Sept 22 | Mr J. Porter | West Dublin | 17944 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | | | | 1.75 | " 23 |
| | | " | 17945 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | | | | 1.75 | " 23 |
| Sept 22 | Mr Gordon Taylor | " | 17946 | 4x6 | | 3 | | Sept 22 | | | | 1.75 | Oct 3 |
| | | " | 17947 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | | | | 1.75 | " 4 |
| Sept 22 | Mr Arthur Daniels | " | 17948 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | | | | 1.75 | Sept 23 |
| Sept 22 | Mr Herbert Facey | " | 17949 | 4x6 | | 6 | | | | | | 1.75 | Sept 23 |
| Sept 22 | Mr Reginald Wyater | Jamaica | 19950 | 4x6 | | 3 | | Sept | Sept | | | 1.75 | Sept 27 |
| | | " | 19951 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | | Sept | Sept | 1.75 | Sept 23 |
| Sept 22 | Mr Herbert Facey | " | 19952 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | Sept 22 | | | 1.75 | Sept 23 |
| | | " | 19953 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | | | | 1.75 | " |
| Sept 22 | Miss Joyce Paulsen | Lafayette | 19954 | 3x5 | | 6 | | Sept 21 | Sept 21 | | | 1.75 | Oct 16 |
| Sept 22 | Mr Arthur Daniels | Jamaica | 19955 | 4x6 | | 3 | | | | | | 1.75 | Sept 23 |





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in age from 6 to 12, came from the farm families in the county. My attendance book averaged twenty-four names.

I roomed with the Jens and Hilda Annexstad family across the road from the school. This Swedish family lived in what was the original log cabin on the farm property, enlarged with a new addition. My accommodations consisted of a bedroom and "sitting room" in what was the original cabin while the family lived in the new section. Jens and Hilda's grandson, Allen Quist, former Minnesota State Representative, and his family now live in that home. I had an adventurous streak and my dreams of summer travel took me far away as the wind continued to whistle and the snow settled ever higher on the fence posts.

Why couldn't my teacher friends, Marie Volz and Helen Dybdal and I take such a trip and see the sights for ourselves? We were all single with no immediate marriage proposals on the horizon, no responsibilities for the summer, and the Conoco Oil Company had an entire trip planned with many possible routes laid out. The three of us spent many a happy weekend that winter planning this trip of all trips. With marriage and a family a probability in the near future (we were all in our late twenties), such an opportunity may not present itself again. Little did we realize what adventures lay ahead! So many decisions had to be made. Though we were adult women our family members were less than enthusiastic about three young women setting out alone across this vast country for three entire months with no motels, few organized campgrounds or tourist cabins along the way. In the face of many odds and objections, in the end, we asked no one for permission and made the decision to go.

CHAPTER 1 CROSSING THE USA IN A FORD MODEL A

Finding a car which would be reasonably reliable at a cost we could afford was our first priority. We needed space for three adults, a tent, our mothers' oldest quilts and blankets, cooking equipment, clothes, Helen's guitar, extra water for both the radiator and ourselves, a space for block ice for carrying perishable food and a spare tire. As luck would have it, Marie's brother-in-law had an old Model A Ford which he had outfitted as his "fishing car." Early on, we began referring to it as "The Chariot," and later as "Lemon." This gives you a hint of adventures to come.

The car had an aluminum-lined trunk box that would be ideal for storing our ice blocks and perishables. The days before we left were busy ones. We pooled our money to buy the car for \$80, a Coleman camp stove for \$3.75, a tent with a floor and a porch flap set us back \$15.75, awnings and a floodlight which could be hooked up to the car battery for a light in the tent at night we purchased for \$1.69. Our travel costumes consisted of pajama-like outfits with loose legs which were very cool and comfortable. We probably thought of practicality instead of fashion and these thirties style "pantsuits"

proved to be just the ticket. For what seems now like ridiculously low prices, we purchased dishes for \$1.10, insurance for \$24.62, a lock for the trunk for \$.20 and filled up the gas tank with 18 gallons of gas for \$3.03. With a hammer and an ax we were set to conquer the west.

We left Gibbon, Minnesota on June 15th, 1932, the bright sunshine a good omen. The "kitty" was handled by Marie, to which we all contributed for joint expenses, paying for personal items ourselves. My diary shows the first day's expenses were: 1 1/2 gallons of oil - \$1.00; toilet paper - \$.05; (aware that even campgrounds and cabins may not have any provisions); film and Lysol - \$.55; can-opener and oilcloth - \$.27, ice - \$.15; food - \$.44, toll for bridge over the Missouri River in Sioux City, Iowa - \$.30; and matches for a nickel. These expenses were typical of what we spent throughout the trip. In the midst of the Great Depression these prices were the norm.

Travel by car for long distances was a rare occurrence in the United States in 1932. Many of the roads we traveled were not paved and service stations were few and far between except in large towns. It was a cheap way to travel. Gas cost \$.14 a gallon, a fan belt, replaced on June 17th was \$.65 including labor! The most expensive item was car insurance which we purchased for \$24.62. We named our car "The Chariot" alias "Lemon" when it gave us grief. It carried us over 8,000 miles and we were able to sell it for "a good price." when we got back to Minnesota. Marie was the most mechanically adept and Helen and I had had some experience driving, but we were forced to use our ingenuity to get



us out of trouble more than once. For seventy-five cents, a mechanic tested the brakes before we tackled the trip over the Rocky Mountains to Grandby, Colorado. By the time we arrived in Denver we needed a tire patched and the jack repaired- another seventy-five cents.

The Model A must have been somewhat of an oil guz-

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zler as we added 5 quarts of oil at one stop in Colorado. Even our young muscles couldn't take the pounding when a spring gave out and we had to install a new one for \$1.12 in Colorado Springs. The cost of gasoline rose to \$.29 a gallon by the time we reached Los Angeles and a grease job set us back \$2.50 near Yosemite Park. We had the common sense to have the oil changed regularly, the brakes "tightened," and tires patched to prevent break-downs. Enough oil leaked out of that old "Chariot" during our trip to finance another 8,000 miles. By the time we reached Wenatchee, Washington we had no choice but to spend \$2.15 to have the oil leak fixed.

The battery was less than cooperative throughout the trip. In Arizona we discovered the connections had corroded and

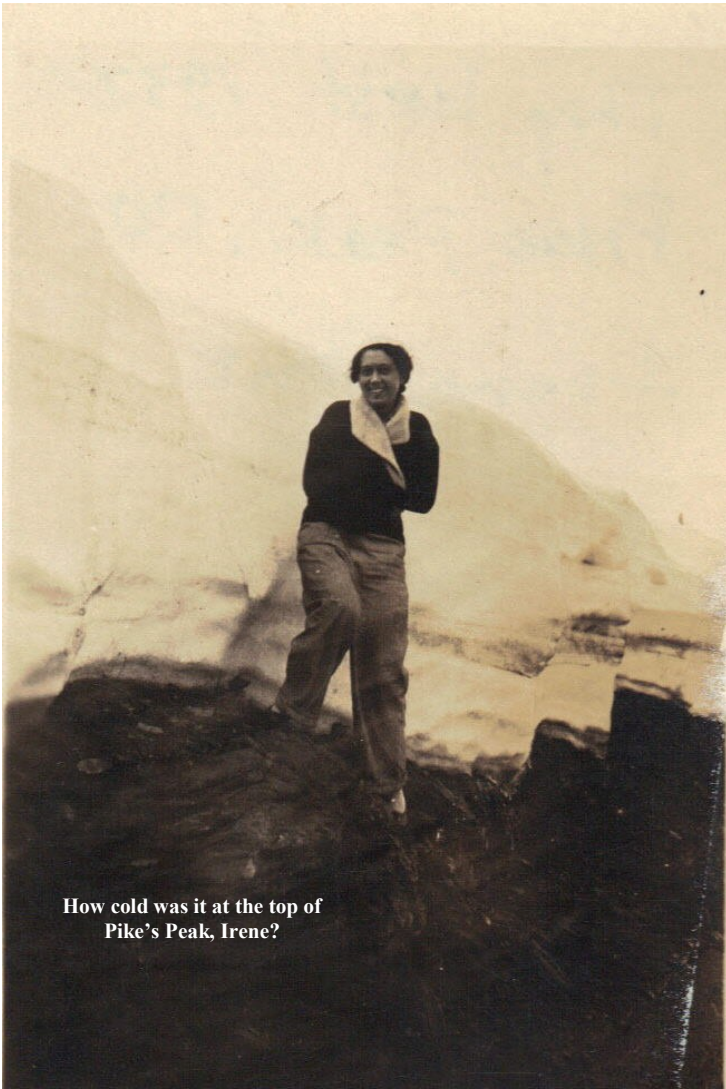
out personal injury. It is true that several car incidents could have caused our demise.

The Model A climbed many a narrow gravel road up and down the mountains. The snow-capped peaks as we entered Estes Park, Colorado were an especially magnificent sight for us three Midwesterners seeing the Rocky Mountains for the first time. The snow was coming down in earnest when we neared the top. At an altitude of 11,000 feet, the snow along the sides of the road was piled higher than the car. We drove through tunnels of snow at least eight feet deep and considered ourselves lucky to find the roads were plowed as we had no chains. We shivered in our summer clothes (of course, the car had no heater) wishing we had our muskrat coats left behind in Minnesota.

Just as travelers today, we marveled at the monumental task of constructing the first passable roads through the formidable canyons of the West. A few adventurous souls like ourselves took the steep, breathtaking, one-way road through Williams Canyon and the Narrows where the road was so narrow and the walls of the canyon so steep it was impossible to see around the curves. At times we truly doubted that our car could negotiate the curves and not fall over the edge or scrape the rocks on the other side. There probably were no guardrails so the driver had to be trusted while the other two passengers tried to enjoy scenery along the way! We had been warned about recent snowstorms over Independence Pass, but with foolish bravado took that route anyway because it was shorter. The road was typical of the mountain roads of the time - narrow, rugged and steep. And there had indeed been a storm a few days before we arrived! Conoco guidelines included no warnings to travelers about closed mountain passes in June, and after our descent we discovered that the pass had not been officially opened. No wonder the snow rubbed the top of the car! Since we were safe and sound on the other side, we shrugged off thoughts of freezing to death or being stuck in the snow on one of the highest mountain passes in the United States. In contrast, the hard-surface highway between Estes Park and Denver was a pleasure to drive on, and the view from Wildcat Lookout afforded a never-to-be-forgotten view of Wildcat Canyon and Lariat Trail leading to Denver.

The night of June 23rd found us camping in Glenwood springs, Colorado at the foot of an immense red rock within hearing distance of Roaring Fork Falls. With no premonition of what was ahead of us, we set out for Salt Lake City across 150 miles of desert. During the first part of the drive we saw brilliantly-colored red and yellow flowers and small gnarled trees resembling cedar. Further on even these disappeared and we saw only tufts of grass. We commented to each other that surely no living creature could exist in such an inhospitable place. "Peculiar high cliffs whose sides resembled huge drifts of sand" surrounded us for miles. The desert came upon us so unexpectedly that we didn't have time to be afraid. The air was hot and so dry that our lips were parched and our throats became irritated by the dust. Only seventeen miles from Price, Utah we thought we saw sunlight streaming from under the wooden floor of the Model A. We all smelled rubber

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How cold was it at the top of Pike's Peak, Irene?

had to be cleaned. As we parked by the side of the road in the 110 degree heat, relying on our own ingenuity and the help of a metal fingernail file, we got the battery to work - at least for a while. We did not have many provisions for a car break-down. I remember we had a spare tire but I can't remember where we stored it. We had a few household tools with us, a hammer, an ax, a screwdriver and a pliers, but we must have trusted Providence and our own self-reliance to take care of things in emergencies! And, somehow, we traveled 8,341 miles in two and one-half months with-



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burning and I yelled "Fire." We jumped out, and Helen, with extraordinary presence of mind, began to throw sand onto the fire to put it out. We lifted the floorboard out and discovered that a wire had burned away from its connection. By the light of a flashlight, Marie, our resident mechanic, twisted the wires together and we continued on our merry way. We did have the wires taped together in Price "for free." and finally reached Salt Lake City on June 25th without further incident.

July 2nd found us negotiating Schnebly Hill on our way to Prescott, AZ where Helen's brother Harry, lived. When pioneer, T. Carl Schnebly settled in 1902 in this most spectacular of settings with red rocks and deep canyons, he named the town after his young wife, Sedona, because the U.S. government said the name "Schnebly Station" was too long for a stamp. The Anasazi Indians considered this country sacred ground and today some visitors assert that the power vortexes of the rocks rival those of Stonehenge. It was unfortunate that we could not have harnessed some of that power as we struggled to get our Model A up and down Schnebly Hill. Marie writes, "It took the three of us to drive down Schnebly Hill- the climbing of which is the acme of ones motoring experience." Perhaps one of us had to steer and operate the clutch and foot brake, one had to have her hand on the hand brake in case the foot brake failed and the third "driver" was navigator. We celebrated our country's independence by negotiating the infamous hill once again on July 4th traveling from Cottonwood to Flagstaff, Arizona. For years afterward, we joked about "Schniblee Hill," as we called it, whenever we tried to negotiate a difficult climb.

Armed with the confidence of our one desert driving experience, we left at nightfall from Cottonwood, Arizona intending to reach the California state line, a distance of 340 miles. Helen's brother, Harry, had provided us with sandbags for traction under the wheels if we got stuck in the sand and canteens for water, as there were few travelers on the road to help us in an emergency. The roads across the desert were gravel or dirt and when the sand storms came up, the roadway was sometimes not visible under the drifts of sand which covered it. We never had to use the sandbags and who needed a fire extinguisher with all that sand?

For 340 miles on old US Highway 99 (now #10) the car behaved admirably and we reached Indio, Califor-

nia, so tired we dragged ourselves and our quilts into the first cabin we saw. These "tourist cabins," available for \$1 per night, were a far cry from the motels and condos that are pushing farther and farther into the desert on the outskirts of Indio today. We learned to expect only rough cots or beds, some with

filthy mattresses. Any water we needed we used from our supply and I suppose there were outhouses somewhere in the vicinity. Indio had been incorporated as a city in 1930 and in December, 1932 the first construction gang arrived in Fargo Canyon, east of the town. They would begin the monumental task of building the giant aquaduct to bring water from the Colorado River to California. We were too tired to worry about the primitive facilities, and with youth and a sense of adventure always on our side, we struck out the next morning for Los Angeles, site of the summer Olympics.

California required a separate driver's license to drive in the state so we agreed Marie was the best driver and should do all the driving. What a thrill it was to enter the heavy traffic under the colorful flags of many nations strung across 7th Street. We spent very little money on clothes or souvenirs but each of us bought a patriotic dress (white with a red and blue tie) and thought they were pretty keen for our visit to the Olympics. The opening ceremony of the Games was held at the spacious stadium of the University of California and we were lucky enough to get tickets. In spite of the

Great Depression the organizers made almost \$1 million in profits from the first highly-organized, most expensive Olympics in history. The Olympic Village was specially built for the 1300 male athletes, their coaches and trainers, a type of accommodation which had been provided only once before, in Greece. The village covered 331 acres, had 550 pre-fabricated two-room cottages surrounded by a high fence and was patrolled by cowboys on horseback. The 127 women athletes were housed in the Chapman Park Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard where they were closely chaperoned, I am sure. Approximately 2000 contestants, led by the flag bearer and a banner bearer, entered the stadium to the music of a 2000-piece band and chorus. The Greek athletes entered first of all the 37 nations, honoring them as the originators of the Olympic Games. Each nation's participants were uniformly dressed in white and red or blue, the decidedly militaristic marching style of the Germans and Japanese evoked comments from the audience. After all the athletes had entered the stadium field they lined up



Dwarfed by a giant saguaro cactus in Arizona

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facing the officials. Because President Herbert Hoover was campaigning, Vice President Curtis opened the games with a few brief words. Immediately, six men in the Perestyle blew the trumpets and the torch above was lit, ten cannons were discharged and 2000 doves were released as a symbol of friendship. While the audience waited for the athletes to leave the stadium for the Olympic Village, we sang old favorite songs such as "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" accompanied by the band. We were able to get tickets for a fencing match - the only other event we witnessed.

Our Guardian Angels were surely watching over us when the brakes on the Model A failed at Soldier's Pass in Utah, elevation 7,477 feet. A brake rod had snapped! I suppose all the braking on the mountain roads was just too much for the "Chariot." All three of us could have perished on that mountain, unable to control the car as it gathered speed on the descent. We were just at the top, preparing to head down when we realized we had no brakes. We had this joke among us - Marie was quite tall and Helen was too fat - so I had to crawl



High fashion in 1932

under the car to see what was dragging. I somehow removed the piece of rod which was hanging down and we drove down the mountain in low gear with only the hand brake! There wasn't a service station, emergency phone, forest ranger, highway patrolman or helpful tourist to be seen. Any other motorists who came by either didn't realize we had car trouble or we didn't bother to signal our distress. In any case, we lived to tell the tale.

By the time we had traveled over 5,000 miles the tires were showing wear but we didn't have the money to buy new unless it was an emergency. Most of the roads were unpaved except in the cities and we were determined to see the sights which meant climbing mountain roads in rain and hail and sleet and snow and desert roads in sand storms and heat. We three teachers must have had some common-sense ideas about driving under less than ideal conditions. My diary specifically mentions stopping several times on the climb to Yosemite National Park to allow the car engine to cool. Car trouble never finds you when you are near assistance but instead at the top of a mountain, or in the scorching 110 degree heat of the Arizona

desert, or traveling through sparsely-populated South Dakota. At Glacier Point in Yosemite National Park, elevation 7,722 feet, we had a flat tire. On the narrow road we somehow pulled off to put on the spare, knowing from experience that it was hopeless to find fellow travelers to help us. That problem solved, we started out again only to discover that Marie had left her watch in the washroom at the summit lookout point. Negotiating a turning-around point on that narrow mountain road was challenging and frightening, to say the least. When we looked in the restroom, her watch was still there!

The infamous battery let us down once again in Washington State when a short caused another fire and Marie's diary entry for August 23rd notes that, "Old Mr. Pagel sat in the front seat when our battery caught on fire and we had to crawl out over all the junk to put out the fire." I can't for the life of me remember who Mr. Pagel was but I can imagine he got the surprise of his life when the smoke and flames appeared! Since this was Washington State, not the desert, I wonder if we used our precious old quilts to smother it. Leaving the mountains we headed east through the ruggedly beautiful landscape of Montana. The natives called it a "God-forsaken" country and the great distances between ranches certainly indicated a lonely life for those who chose to live there. Young people who chose to attend high school must have had to leave their families for the school term and board in the city.

There were no school buses and the great distances would have made traveling from home an impossibility. On August 27th we picked up a boy who was traveling from his ranch near Loring, Montana to Ohio to attend high school. A polite and respectable young man, he went with us as far as Wolf Point. We certainly had no reason to fear picking up a hitch-hiker in those days but this was a one-time incident because there really was no room for a fourth person. I do not remember where he sat, as two of us sat in front, and the third person sat in back with all the luggage and camping equipment. I would guess this young man's desire for an education was a good indication of his future success.

All was well with the "Chariot" until August 23rd. Not only did the battery die but all our oil leaked out. With the battery once again recharged we were sure we could make it home without further trouble. It was not to be. When the battery started on fire from a short the very next day we had no choice but to spend \$6.50 on car repair and a new battery only nine days from home. The oil repair must have been a band-aid effort because we purchased nine quarts of

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oil during the last six days of the trip!

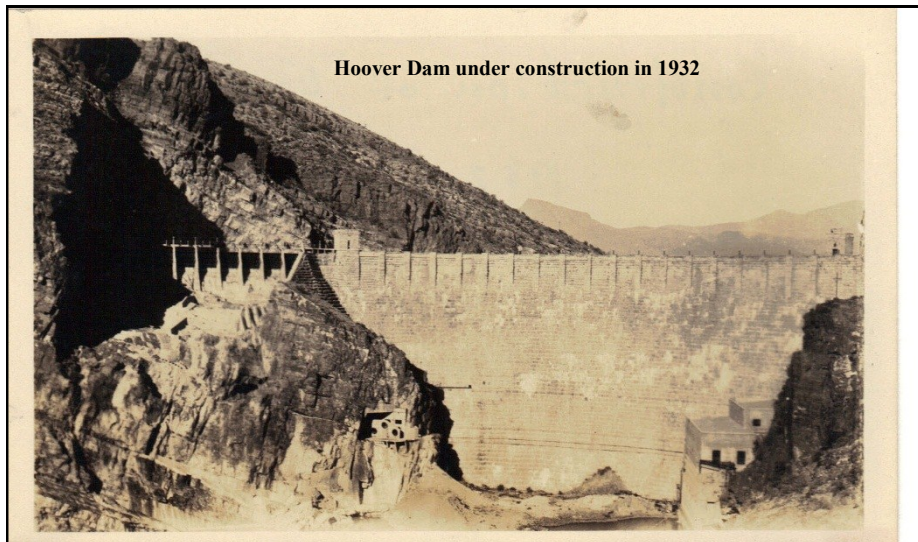
We met no unscrupulous folks who took advantage of three young women alone until we had a flat tire patched in Browning, Montana. Amazingly enough, this flat tire was only the second of the entire trip and we three strong Minnesota "girls" got it changed. When we had a blowout the next night, eight miles from Grand Forks, North Dakota, we realized the mechanic had kept our "good" tire and had replaced it with a completely worn-out one. Since our spare was also flat as a pancake we drove into town virtually on the rim where we were again forced to spend our scarce resources. We were charged \$1.50 for a new tire and tube, including labor. By our calculations the Model A made over 19 miles to the gallon. We didn't have comfort nor was our transportation totally reliable, but the trip was easy on the pocketbook. Spending a grand total of \$300 for the entire trip, we were able to sell the car when we got back feeling richer by far in memories and experience than when we had left.

Chapter 2

HIKING DOWN THE GRAND CAN- YON

Leaving the barren landscape of Salt Lake City, Utah on June 29th, we took a detour off the main road, climbed up "Inspiration Point," and viewed the "Silent City." We had entered the breathtaking world of Bryce Canyon, an almost unnatural world of red rocks, hundreds of spires of fantastic shapes, and deep canyons. The first road through the forests of the Kaibab Plateau had been built only six years before so we were able to drive to Jacob Lake where we camped that night. It was a short drive the next morning through the Kaibab National Forest to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Our first glimpse of the famous canyon from Bright Angel Point struck us as less fantastic than Bryce Canyon but truly "grand." Little did we know that we were to experience both the beauty and the dangers of the Grand Canyon close-up and personal.. Unfortunately, we did not see the resort lodge nearby. The Union Pacific Railroad had opened it 1928 at the head of Bright Angel Creek and since it was located deep in the side canyon caused by the Bright Angel fault we had no idea there was lodging available. President Teddy Roosevelt had proclaimed the area around the canyon a National Monument in 1908 but it was not declared a National Park until 1919. The first tourists to visit the area arrived after the lodge was built. Not only is the Grand Canyon one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the history of its exploration fills many books. In the year 1540 the very first white men to see the Grand Canyon

were thirteen Spaniards looking for "Cibola," a New World City, born of myth, where the streets were said to be paved with gold and jewels. Hearing rumors also of a great river, this group of thirteen men under the leadership of the famous explorer, Francisco Coronado (unable to make the trip because he was wounded in a fall from his horse), took a side trip to find it. The Spaniards took with them Hopi Indian guides and made their way to the south rim. The Hopi must have had quite a time trying to explain to the Spanish-speaking soldiers their belief that deep in the canyon is the opening from which man emerged upon the earth and that the canyon leads to the home of the gods! They spent three days trying to find a way to the bottom of the canyon. The chronicler and officer of the expedition, Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, noted that they were able to climb only one third of the way down as the descent was too difficult. Not until 1776 did white men again see the canyon. In that year three Franciscan and Jesuit priests came to the area looking for souls to save.



Much later, during the first half of the 19th century, came the trappers and frontiersmen. In 1857 the United States Government War Department became interested in exploring the navigability of the Colorado River and Lieutenant Joseph C. Ives was authorized to take a crew

on a fifty-foot steamboat. The rapids and the sand bars and the shallow, temperamental river was their undoing. After two months and 350 miles the steamboat was wrecked in Black Canyon where the Hoover Dam now stands. Ives judiciously chose to start exploring overland instead. On April 5, 1858, with the sometimes unhelpful assistance of the Mojave and Hualpai Indian guides, Ives and his party were the first white men to reach the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The first white woman to have penetrated the canyon was Mrs. Edward Ayers, wife of a Flagstaff lumberman, via the "Hance" trail from the South rim. She made the trip in February of 1882 -quite the adventuresome lady.

John Wesley Powell, the first scientist to explore the unknown areas of the Colorado River, set out from Green River, Wyoming on May 24, 1869. The fact that he had lost one arm in the Battle of Shiloh in the Civil War did not deter him and he secured financial backing from the Chicago Academy of Science. Unable to escape the walled enclosure of the Grand Canyon once they left Marble Canyon, the nine men were near the end of their supplies. Powell, son of a pious Methodist father, saw the clear waters of a creek spilling from a huge side canyon. Naming the creek the Bright Angel he said aloud, "And if this expedition has any right to success or survival, then listen to a sci-

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(Continued from page 8)

entist's prayer, O Bright Angel of Immortality." (Corle, p. 121,) Our watches read 9:45 that morning when we parked our car on the North Rim with the naive assumption that it and all our belongings would still be there when we returned. Our ill-advised trip down the Grand Canyon to the Colorado River had begun. We would not reach our car again until 5:45 that evening.

No hiking information appeared on the Conoco trip guide and no warning signs were posted at Bright Angel Point where we first glimpsed the grandest canyon on earth. There were no ranger stations, no cabins, no source of water to fill a canteen. Someone had told us there would be water available along the way but we had no map of the trails indicating their length to the bottom of the canyon, nor the availability of water or food along the way. Today park rangers meet hikers at trailheads and on the trails to assure that they are prepared for the hike. We did not know that the temperatures at the bottom of the canyon can easily reach 100 degrees or higher or that sudden storms and floods could sweep us away. We three were alone at the rim with only our desire to experience its depth, its color and its formations firsthand. Two oranges apiece stuffed into our pockets would have to sustain us on the hike to the bottom. Only later did we learn that the North Kaibab Trail descends more than fourteen miles with an elevation from rim to river of 5841 feet! The original trail was created by Francois E. Matthes and a U. S. Geological Survey party in 1902. And so, with no premonition of the dangers that can beset a hiker in such an inhospitable environment, we put one foot ahead of the other on the Kaibab Trail which had been completed just four years before. We had no way of knowing that the trails from the north rim were steeper and longer than those from the south rim because of the greater elevation of the north rim of the canyon and that these trails follow natural canyon passageways in a spiral-like fashion

The grandest canyon on earth cuts through nearly 5000 feet of limestone, sandstone and shale down to the oldest rocks on earth - perhaps two billion years old. The upper layer of rock was streaked with yellow. As we descended, the rock became reddish and then gray. The first few miles were enjoyable but the constant decline soon took its toll on our feet. First they ached and then they burned. For what turned out to be several miles, we could hear the roaring of distant springs. The sound only served to make our thirst more intense and our feet burn more severely. Our lips were parched when we finally reached Roaring Springs. Here three jets of water rush out of the limestone caves and cascade over the cliffs below. We put our feet into the water and drank and drank. That water probably saved our lives. Recent information from the park rangers at Grand Canyon National Park shows four heat-related fatalities in 1996 alone.

But the adventure had really just begun. It was another nine miles to the canyon floor and the Colorado River and another fourteen and a half miles uphill back to the rim! Refreshed, we had no intention of turning back. We assumed that there would be facilities at the bottom

where we could buy food, get water and rest. It was not to be. We experienced all that nature could throw at us. First it rained, then it hailed. We took off our hats and turned them upside down to catch the hailstones to relieve our parched lips and throats. Soon a thunderstorm assaulted us with lightning and a downpour. Finally the hot sun reappeared to sap our energy. A party on mules which was on its way up the trail met us. If they thought we were crazy to be hiking on foot they didn't mention it, nor did they warn us about the lack of facilities at the bottom. We reached the canyon floor, disappointed, to say the least. No facilities, no drinkable water, nothing but a deserted shack did we see. We sat down exhausted at the river's edge to soak our feet. We did not know that the Columbia River water was drinkable because it was filled with silt and looked very dirty. Informed trekkers knew that the silt would settle at the bottom of a container after awhile and it would be safe to use. However, the river was very low, not the gushing torrent we had expected. Perhaps it was the drought of the previous years or the result of dams upstream. In any case, our two oranges would have to be our lunch and our only hope of staving off dehydration.

The sustenance of the oranges soon diminished as we began the laborious hike back to the rim, another 14 miles uphill with no more liquid and no food. By this time we were not only very thirsty but hungry and Helen was becoming ill. We had remembered water dripping off the rocks after the rain and I remembered seeing an old rusty coffee can someone had discarded along the trail. Going on ahead while Marie stayed with Helen to help her as best she could, I found the coffee can and tried in vain to capture enough water from the dripping rocks to quench our thirst. Alas, the force of the water dripping from such a height caused most of it to splash out. We only caught enough to wet out parched lips. Dragging ourselves to the point of sheer exhaustion we kept going only because there was no other choice. The sun was low in the west and would set suddenly behind the mountains. We certainly did not want to be on the trail when darkness fell. Our legs were weak with fatigue, our blood sugar must have been very low when we reached the rim at 5:45 p.m. We reached our car - still there with everything inside- and found the energy to have supper.

Soon after, Helen became ill with nausea and vomiting. There was no help in sight so we pitched camp and prayed she would get better without medical assistance. By morning we were once more on our way - Helen recovered - Marie and I survived with nothing more serious than sore muscles and feet. We knew we had had an adventure worth recounting to all who would listen. I am sure we said a prayer of thanksgiving for having survived the heat, the dehydration, the lack of food, and the exhaustion as well as having avoided the potential dangers from hail and storms. Information in Hiking Grand Canyon National Park, published in 1997, indicates that the potential hiker on the North Kaibab Trail should allow four or more days to reach the river!

(Continued on page 10)



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The difficulty level is listed as "strenuous" and hiking times without camping along the way are estimated at 4-5 hours down and 6-7 hours return to the north rim. We learned later that in 1938 a great flood came down Bright Angel Canyon with a wall of water estimated at twenty feet high - rolling boulders up to six feet in diameter along the canyon floor. We felt a "bright angel" must surely have watched over us.

Chapter 3

CAMPING IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

We experienced the woes of camping the first night of our trip. Having driven 286 miles we set up camp near Lexington in central Nebraska. At times the wind had tried to push our little car off the road that day and visibility was often difficult because of blowing sand. Fields had been entirely washed out and some roads were still submerged from a recent storm. Little did we know we were in cyclone territory and little did we prepare for the deluge to come. As we settled down on our quilts, feeling quite smug and self-assured at our success in setting up the tent without a hitch, the heavens opened up. Thunder and lightning and downpours continued through most of the night. Waking up the next morning to find we were still dry inside the tent - we declared ourselves true campers!

Camping was a very inexpensive way to go and there really was no other choice. There were no motels, and hotels were available only in the large cities and out of the range of our budget, cabin locations and availability proved sporadic at best, and relatives to bunk with lived thousands of miles apart. The Conoco guide indicated some campgrounds along the way where we could shower and wash clothes "by hand" in the restrooms. Twenty-five cents would buy us a spot to set up our tent and use the facilities. We were adventurous, perhaps naive, inventive, and young! It cost us under \$25 to set us up in camping gear - \$25.75 for a tent with a floor and a front "porch," \$3.75 for a Coleman camp stove and a set of dishes for \$1.10. Each of us contributed to the supply of cookware and we shared a large basin in which to bathe in the evening. One night we wanted fresh beets but had no kettle large enough, so, giggling at the idea, we cooked them in the wash basin. We rigged up a headlight for a camp light and "borrowed" our mothers' oldest quilts. Sleeping bags were too expensive and the quilts would have to do. We had no air mattresses so Mother Earth was truly our bed.

Each night we set up the tent using a hammer to pound the pegs into the ground. We carried a hatchet for chopping wood if we wanted a campfire and as a potential weapon against prowlers. The extra headlight was attached to the car battery and we hung it in the tent. Each night after the tent was secured, we cooked our dinner, wrote in our diaries, and sang. Helen was an excellent

singer and had brought her guitar. The three of us harmonized on the popular songs of the day while we bumped along the road in the Model A or sat in the tent in the evening. Two of our favorite songs were "My Wild Irish Rose" and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

Calling ourselves "The Trio," we made up these original lyrics to the song "Try Smiling."

| | |
|---|--|
| <i>When the old Ford starts to knock try smiling</i> | <i>And the rain gets on our bed Sure it's wet!</i> |
| <i>When the dash light gives a shock</i> | <i>But then you might try smiling!</i> |
| <i>Try smiling</i> | <i>When the battery stars a-fire Try smiling</i> |
| <i>When the vinegar all leaks out And things are inside out</i> | <i>When of climbing we do tire Try smiling</i> |
| <i>Sure it's hard</i> | <i>When the brake rod gives a snap And a tire goes flippety-flap</i> |
| <i>But then you might try smiling</i> | <i>Sure it's flat!</i> |
| <i>When the sand begins to blow Try smiling</i> | <i>But then you might try smiling.</i> |
| <i>When it's thundering overhead</i> | |

We decided that each night one of us would be the "guardian" for the night. She was posted at the door of the tent with a flashlight and the hatchet. We never had an intruder. The closest we came to a problem was a window peeper in Mercedes, California. Never having camped before, we made some mistakes. We left our bacon in the ice trunk the night we camped across from El Capitan. I was on guard that night and heard a bear sniffing around. Everyone in camp woke up in a panic. Some of the campers had no tents and most everyone began running and screaming as we headed to the restrooms. Many of the frightened campers chose to hide in the restrooms the entire night. In the mountains in Arizona we were careless with our choice of a tent site. We were all set to retire for the night when we discovered we had pitched the tent smack dab on top of pinecones. Nothing to do but take the tent down, sweep the pine cones aside so we could sleep on smooth ground and pound in the pegs one more time. A few areas of the country had "tourist cabins" with cots or beds and mattresses and for \$1 a night we could all sleep in one cabin. These cabins were located at the edge of towns or at tourist sites with no security and few amenities such as running water. Animals of all sorts could have paid us a visit. We knew there were rattlesnakes in certain areas where we camped because Helen's brother, Harry Dybedal, whom we visited in Cottonwood, Arizona, spotted one as we drove along. He killed it and cut off the rattles for us to take back to show our schoolchildren. One night a horse, with no apparent place to go, was running freely around the outside of our cabin. In the morning his curiosity got the best of him and he stuck his head into our window as if to say, "Good Morning."

Along the way we bought ice blocks for 15 cents

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each to put into the tin trunk attached to the back of our car. Perishable food such as bread (13 cents a loaf) and milk (7 cents a quart) was purchased nearly every day and we never had a problem with spoilage. Living during the Great Depression undoubtedly taught us to buy only what we needed and to waste nothing. There was no argument about what to eat. We took advantage of local produce along the way, indulging in the cheap fruits and vegetables in California, able to purchase a stalk of celery for a nickel. In Utah we couldn't resist the huge

camped that night in haste but the bears paid us a visit before we were through. A ranger told us to pack all our food in boxes and leave them with him. We deliberately left the car open to prowling Bruins so no damage would be done by their paws as they searched for food,

With the arrival of more and more tourists to the West, some campgrounds developed evening programs and activities for the campers. After a treacherous walk from our campsite through the dark woods on Glacier Point, we came upon the evening program presented by the ranger. A huge bonfire lit up the gathering and after the

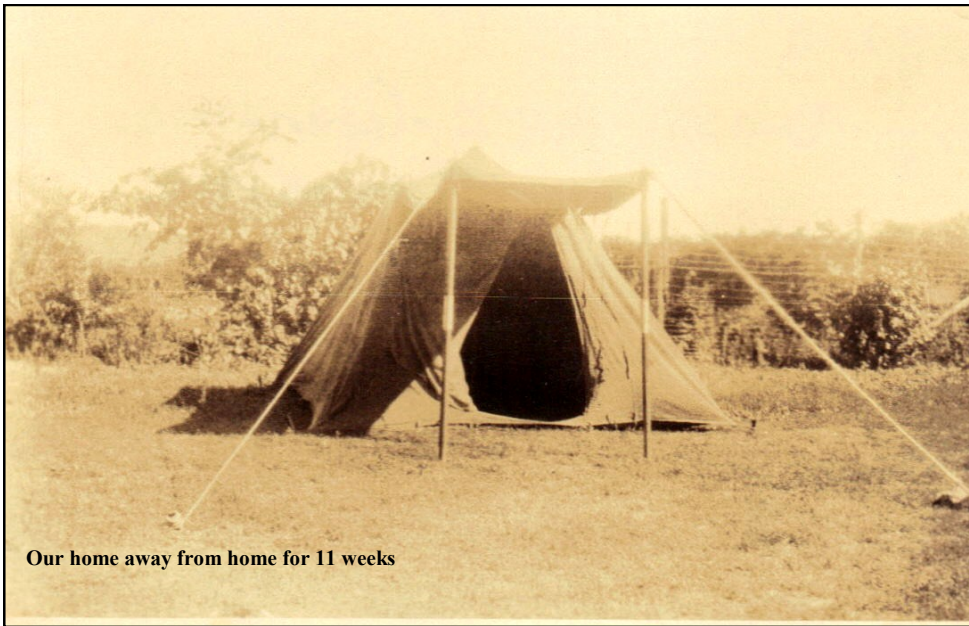
ranger's informative talk about the native Indians we were treated to the "fire fall." Before pushing down the red coals, the ranger called to camp Curry below and the acoustics of the valley carried the "all clear" answer back to us. Standing on the over-hanging rock we saw the rangers push the bonfire over the 3000-foot cliff. It continued to burn on the way down, lighting up the night for at least 1400 feet.

The trip ended just days before we three teachers had to report for the new school year. The car was sold, the quilts were probably discarded, I don't remember what happened to the tent or the stove and we went our separate ways.

However, the friendship remained close for more than fifty years. Each Christmas one of us hosted a holiday dinner. Helen never married and would stay with the host family, enlivening the visit with her wonderful sense of humor and stories of living and teaching in the "big city." After Helen died in 1976, Marie and her husband, Carl Malmberg, and Irene and her husband, Edwin Hahn, continued the dinner tradition with Amy (also a teacher-friend) and her husband, Arnold Sprengler. The bonds of friendship were most certainly strengthened by the shared experiences of the trip of a lifetime.

HIKING DOWN THE GRAND CANYON AND OTHER ADVENTURES: The travels of three Minnesota Women in 1932 Author: Coletta Hahn Wierson SOURCES: Travel diary of Marie Volz Malmberg Travel diary of Irene Penk Hahn, Conversations with Irene Penk Hahn Star Tribune, August 23, 1998, p. G4 "Sedona, Ariz. Nature's cradle of red rock beauty" Harry Shattuck, Houston Chronicle [Olympic Facts and Fables](#) Ecker, Tafnews Press, 1996 Mountain View CA [The Inverted Mountains: Canyons of the West](#) Peattie, Roderick, The Vanguard Press, NY 1948 [Listen, Bright Angel, Duell](#), Edwin Corle Sloan and Pearce NY 1946 [Hiking Grand Canyon National Park](#) Adkison, Ron Falcon Publishing, Inc. Helena, Montana, 1997 Grand Canyon website (www.grandcanyon.com) [Coachella Valley California A Pictorial History](#) Patricia B. Loflin The Donning Co. Publishers, Virginia Beach VA, 1998

Irene graduated from Gibbon High School in 1923. She passed away on May 26, 2011 at age 107.



Our home away from home for 11 weeks

strawberries, so we bought sugar and made strawberry jam on the camp stove. What a sweet treat to have for many days to come! We bought or were given oranges, apples, peaches, pears and cherries. Our menu at an 11 p.m. birthday "feast" in my honor included wieners, corn on the cob, carrot salad, ice cream and cake. We did not suffer from malnutrition

The great delight of camping was the feeling of being close to nature and we welcomed the challenge of adapting to a different environment each time we set up camp. In Glenwood Springs, Colorado we spent the night at the foot of an immense red rock, within hearing distance of the Roaring Fork where the mighty Colorado River lulled us to sleep that night.

Driving up to Glacier Point in Yosemite National Park was a thirteen-mile steady climb on a narrow road. Camping seemed to be allowed anywhere so we camped that night in view of the cliffs of the Sierras with Vernal and Nevada Falls tumbling over them like silver streams. Sunrise was spectacular. These experiences, close to the beauty and the grandeur of the American West, more than compensated for the sometimes dangerous and miserable camping sites. We





The Prez Sez

by Jerome Petersen

...I've moved to the back where I belong. Some would say not quite far enough, I should be in page 17! We have an oversized newsletter again this time. We wanted to get Irene's whole story in this issue because there is another big issue upcoming with a series of Civil War letter home to a family in New Auburn. This year Charles and Karen Erickson shared their ancestors' journal with us.



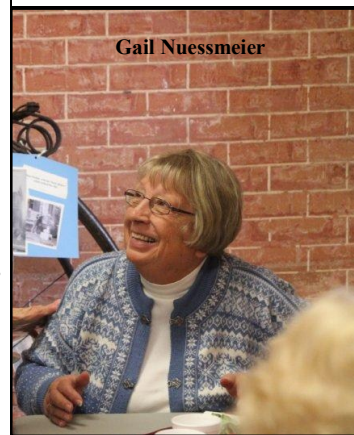
Becky Briggs and Ruth Klossner

Merry Christmas to all our members around the country. May you and your family be blessed with good things in your life and may your portfolio soar in 2012.

What is happening at SCHS? After seven months we finally had another porch party. We waited too long and had to convert to a porchless (my computer doesn't know that word) party. Our special guests this time were; **Don and Gail Nuessmeier** (they are from Arlington and have cataloged thousands of obituaries for our files), **Ruth Klossner** (She is the person who has for years gotten the Ostrom pictures to the area newspapers, lives in Northern Bernadotte east of Bernadotte International, and is curator of her very own *Mooseum* (my computer doesn't know that one either) and featured on TV), **Roger and Holly Harjes** of Green Isle (Holly is a guide and takes care of the military room for open houses and school displays) and **Steve Carlson** (who has been photographing thousands of graves and helping us add the files to FindAGrave. Steve has roots in Gibbon and now lives in Brooklyn Center). As always, it was a great party with some interesting things to eat, some wine, some cheese, some nuts, (but most are sane) some dessert and conversation. No Jell-O or hotdishes. The parties are very casual and we have a good time, and we can show a little appreciation to our faithful volunteers.



Gisela Meyer and Don Nuessmeier



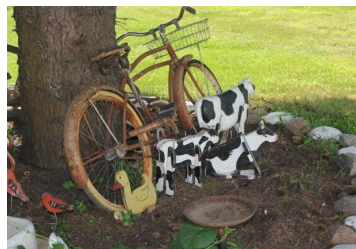
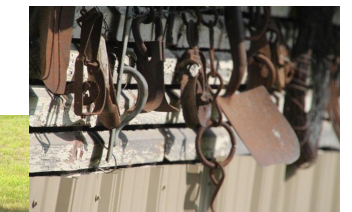
Gail Nuessmeier



Dorothy Peterson and Steve Carlson



On Harjes Pond



We were invited to a tour of the Roger and (Continued on page 13)





(Continued from page 12)

Holly Harjes farm which is also like a museum, a show-place with tons of artifacts and their very own park complete with a fishing pond. Their farm has been in the Harjes family for generations. They have a collection of old machinery, bottles and cans, family portraits, license plates, toys, household utensils and more. But it is also a working farm. It was fun for me to just take a lot of pictures. ...and they served a lovely brunch.

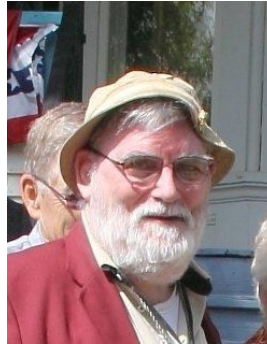
We were guests of Lawrence and Phyllis Crawford for a concert on his grand restored organ. He has an auditorium for concerts and he could rock the room. Air for the organ's pipes is supplied by two 10 HP motors, equaling the horsepower of my corn dryer. The evening started with a tour of his exotic bird collection followed by a potluck supper, and then the concert. They too have a variety of collectibles and it is always an interesting place for us to visit and Lawrence always has interesting stories, like he one about this great organ on a truck that got wrecked in a storm.



SCHS received a book from Barbara A. Stegeman, *A Midwestern Life*. It has stories her father, Earl Walter, told her about growing up in Gibbon, being a sailor in WWII, and on a ship that was sunk by the Japanese, and later he and his wife moving to the Brainerd area and operating a resort. Earl was born in 1917, graduated from Gibbon High School in 1935. Some classmates were Bill Koppen, Orville Graupmann and Blanche Biebl. He married Norma Bleck of Fairfax. His father was Sam Walter. Mrs. Huneborg, the school cook for "Hot Lunch" when I was in elementary school, was Sam's sister. Sam's wife was a Thiem. Who knew! The book was fascinating for me to read because I recognized most of the names. Ms. Stegeman, who now lives in Florida, also gave a book to our local library. Her parents are well and living in Brainerd, recently celebrating their 70th wedding

anniversary. When I heard about the book from our curator, Sharon H., I went on Amazon and bought two copies that I have been loaning to my family and friends.

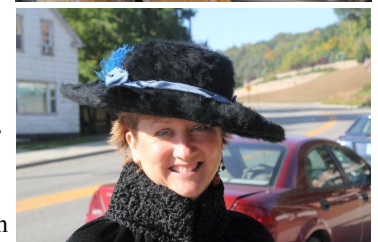
Heritage Day's events in Henderson began with a flag raising ceremony at the Henderson Community



Center, using a flag which had flown over the capital in Washington DC on the 4th of July 2011, a gift of congressman Collin Peterson, arranged for by Glenn Kiecker. It was unfolded and raised by the Sojourners, a Masonic patriotic group that participates in events like this. They were dressed splendidly in Colonial uniforms. The themes were varied for this day. The Legion commemorated WWII, and some young people wore military uniforms of that era. There was a display downtown of military items owned by Legion members. Other ladies (Judy Loewe, Marie Krefl and Bonita Boehne) were wearing period clothing and looking pretty classy!



Several events of the day involved SCHS. Glenn Kiecker presented a DVD with genealogy material of all the deceased Sibley County Mason and Eastern Star members going 150+ years all the way to Joe Brown. Gene, an SCHS member, is originally from Fairfax. The program at the Joseph Brown Cemetery included a narration at several grave sites with Masons



(Continued on page 14)



(Continued from page 13)

portraying individuals buried there. Jeff Nielson looked distinguished in a Civil War Uniform carrying Adam Buck's sword and a rifle with a bayonet. Kevin Pioske presented us with the pictured trowel. It came from the Winthrop Masonic Lodge. It was a souvenir of a 1921 Henderson George Washington Birthday event, celebrating the 50th anniversary of the founding that Lodge. The gallows set up in front of



The Sheriff and the Accused
Keith Swenson and Doug Thomas

"This tie is not my size, and do you have one in blue?"

the Community Building noted the hanging of a criminal sentenced to death for the killing of his family members. The hanging did not go well, and the accused did not die for several minutes. After this episode, George MacKenzie introduced legislation ending capital punishment in Minnesota, and that all evolved from the hanging in Henderson. Who Knew? Arlene, that's who!

During the off season your friendly staff is taking down the theme displays from 2011; collections of postcards, Coke memorabilia, Angels and others. Things are being put away, and preparations made for 2012. We also have been accessioning items. This includes photographing, measuring, numbering, and adding them to our PastPerfect database. That chore had been put on hold while Jack re-did our records to check for duplications and errors in entries. Months passed while he went through each record. The PP program is complicated but we have someone who is good at taking notes ^{Sharon S.} that we can refer to. My memory is not as good as I remember it should be or was. It depends on what you mean by was was. But like riding bicycle, it all starts to come back. Visit us some Tuesday and let us show you how PastPerfect works. We might even let you try it out, but with training wheels. Another project is compiling an index for local history books that did not have one; Gibbon, Winthrop, Blakely and Plato. Millie and Dorothy have been working on this enormous project. They go over every page and write down every proper noun and enter it in an Excel file, and filter it down so every page "John Doe" is on is in the index, an invaluable tool when doing research.

In the "75 Years ago-1936" section of our local paper, it was noted one of the founders (along with Adam Buck) of the Gibbon Gazette had died. Adam Buck? Could that be the same Adam Buck, the Henderson Civil War hero. Who would know the answer to that? Arlene, that's who. She said this Buck was Adam Buck's son, who also started the Arlington paper. And I am to the finish on my paper. So I will wish you a Merry Christmas one more time.
Rommie Petersen

Thanks!

Thanks to these special people and groups who donated money to our society; Bob Seldon, Anonymous, Henderson United Fund, Tom Williamson, Earl and Clara Hebeisen (toward a microfilm reader), Lynell K. Brant (For Didra Cabin Maintenance), Thrivent (Members admissions), Richard and Sandra Weckwerth, Cyber Grants Inc. (Matching Grant for Steve Briggs toward New Scanner for Ostrom Negatives), Charles Meyer (memorial for Jean Von Eschen), Jerome Petersen (actually Roger and Holly Harjes—they gave me a 1934 MN license plate if I would give a donation to SCHS. That happens to be the year I was born)

We have started a fund to replace our microfilm reader. It is obsolete and we can no longer get ink for it. It was old when we bought it. And now it is older yet! Hey! It's just like us. We are old and should be replaced too. But with who...?

FINDAGRAVE

By Dorothy Peterson

Our FindAGrave project will continue through the winter months when we will finally have the time to insert pictures that we took of gravestones on county cemeteries while the weather was still mild enough. Steve Carlson of Brooklyn Park has been instrumental in taking pictures of Sibley County graves. Most recently he has put pictures of St Peter's, Moltke, and Gaylord cemeteries on the site. If you are interested in a cemetery where you have family members buried, Steve Briggs, our talented webmaster, has added new links on our website at www.sibleycountyhistoricalmuseum.com. Click on the cemetery pages link on that website (about halfway down on the left side of the page). At the bottom of the page you will find direct links to some of the largest ones and an additional link that will take you to the list of other cemeteries that will help you find any cemetery in Sibley County. If you need help you will see a picture below that link of one of our "experts" just waiting to answer any questions you might have.





NEW* AND RENEWED MEMBERS

| | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Eugene & Jeanette Bening | Hutchinson MN | Lawrence & Phyllis Crawford | Arlington MN |
| Tera & Trent Messner * | Gaylord MN | Judy Loewe | Henderson MN |
| Jackie Blue Anderson * | Granite Falls MN | Davis Biebl | Gibbon MN |
| Laurie Blue Pooler * | Granite Falls MN | Delores Messerli | Winthrop MN |
| Carol Oelfke | Osakis MN | Janet L Mackenthun | Glencoe MN |
| Gloria Sinell | Gaylord MN | Lynelle G Brant | Cumberland MD |
| Gene & Marlene Moskop | Arlington MN | Jo Ann M Heinz | Henderson MN |
| Lois L Bode | Gibbon MN | Jim & Joyce Evenson * | Gibbon MN |
| Victor Gess | Lafayette CA | Dorothy & John Johnson | Gibbon MN |
| Eldon Egesdal | Gaylord MN | Carolyn Bandel * | Belle Plaine MN |
| Carol Reiter | Henderson MN | Thomas & Patricia McCarthy | Winthrop MN |
| Gail & Steven Herschman | Gibbon MN | Ladonna & Gene Rodewald | New Ulm MN |
| Colleen Deis | Gaylord MN | Arlene Moore | Gaylord MN |
| Thomas G Williamson | Arlington VA | Kevin Pioske | Le Sueur MN |
| William J Mickelson | Columbia SC | Cathleen Meyer | Moorhead MN |
| Louis Longhenry | Carver MN | Richard & Sandra Weckwerth | Gaylord MN |
| Larry & Rita Friederichs | Gaylord MN | Barbra & Dale Gustafson | Savage MN |
| Susan M Peters | Minneapolis MN | Dwight Grabitske | Arlington MN |
| Gloria Pudewell | Winthrop MN | Neva Paulson | Lafayette MN |
| Robert & Jo Ann Schwartz | Chanhassen MN | Donna Allen | Tucson AZ |
| Arden & Marie Kreft | Arlington MN | Marjorie Matthiae | Gaylord MN |
| Jeff & Amy Franke * | Gaylord MN | Rosetta & Art Blomquist | Mankato MN |
| Terry & Janet Dempsey | New Ulm MN | Steve and Lori Carlson * | Brooklyn Park MN |

Membership Form

I would like to become a member of the Sibley County Historical Society.

NAME _____ SCHS TREASURER

ADDRESS _____ 49858 316 ST

_____ Winthrop MN 55396-2038

PHONE _____

E-MAIL _____

Individual--\$20, Family-- \$25, Business-- \$50 Send to:

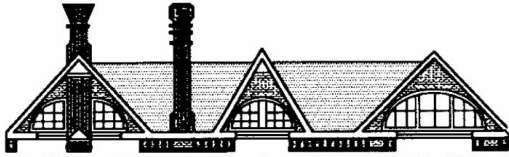


Regular meetings are held at 7:00 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of the month, March thru November at the museum in Henderson. The public is invited. The museum is open to the public for tours on Sundays from 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. June

Send articles, announcements, photos and comments to the SCHS Newsletter, P.O. Box 407, Henderson, MN 56044 or Email: schs1@frontiernet.net

Check your due date on the mailing label. Membership dues are as stated on the form. Please use it to renew your subscription or pass it along to anyone who is interested.





SIBLEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

700 Main Street
P.O. Box 407
Henderson, MN 56044
Phone: 507-248-3434
Email: schs1@frontiernet.net



SIBLEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY BOARD

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|--------------------|----------------|
| Jerome Petersen | President |
| Dwight Grabitske | Vice-President |
| Dorothy Peterson | Secretary |
| Ray Meyer | Treasurer |
| Sharon Haggemiller | Curator |
| Judy Loewe | Marie Main |
| Millie Johnson | Sharon Shimota |
| Ruth Ann Buck | Mary Petersen |

SCHS Website One-Year Anniversary

By Steve Briggs, SCHS member and volunteer

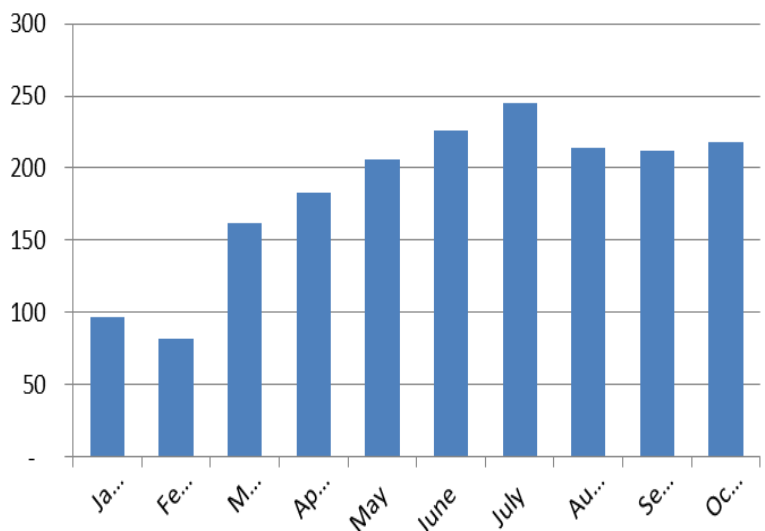
<http://sibleycountyhistoricalmuseum.com/>

The site was born in November 2010. During its first five months, the site was building up interest and adding new features – we were seeing about 100 visitors per month. We are now seeing between 200-250 visitors per month! And they arrive from all over the world: Canada, Germany, Japan, Israel, Norway, Sweden, and others. We continue to add to the site – so visit us often.

Follow all the events hosted by the SCHS by watching our Events pages. We'll post photos from events for your viewing pleasure as well! Stay tuned 2012 events. Remember, we have many publications at the museum to aid in your genealogy research – visit our page listing available publications. Visit our Cemetery Records page to find several Find A Grave links. Be sure to browse our Family History Books page – your family just may be one of the 64 listed and in our museum collection.

The Ostrom Photograph project continues to be

SCHS website visitors in 2011



alive and well; numerous photos are on our site. Don't miss out on our slide shows of various themes – Little Sailors, Jamaica, Double Weddings, Pairs, and Servicemen. Readers of local newspapers really enjoy identifying people from old Ostrom photos. We love posting on our site and giving credit to those who provide us identifications. Keep your cards and letters coming!